

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse cloudy,  
And to become the gecke and scorne o' th' others vilany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller Seats we came,  
our Parents, and vs twaine,  
That striking in our Countries caule,  
fell brauely, and were slaine,

Our Fealty, & Tenants right, with Honor to maintaine.  
1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
to Cymbeline perform'd:

Then Iupiter, King of Gods, why hast thou thus adiourn'd  
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke,  
looke out, no longer exercise

Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:  
Moth. Since Iupiter our Son is good,  
take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,  
or we poore Ghosts will cry

To th' shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.  
Brothers. Helpe Iupiter or we appeale,  
and from thy iustice flye.

Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vpon an  
Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on  
their knees.

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low  
Offend our hearing: hush! How dare you Ghostes  
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)  
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.

Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest  
Vpon your neuer-withering banks of Flowres.  
Be not with mortall accidents oppress'd,  
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I loue, I crosse, to make my giuft  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,  
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:  
His Comforts thrice, his Trials well are spent:

Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in  
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,  
He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen.

And happier much by his Affliction made.  
This Tablet lay vpon his Brest, wherein  
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,  
And so away: no farther with your dinne  
Expreffe Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:

Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline. *Ascends*

Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle  
Scoop'd, as to foot vs: his Ascension is  
More sweet then our best Fields: his Royall Bird  
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,  
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks Iupiter.

Sic. The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd  
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest  
Let vs with care performe his great behest. *Vanish*

Post. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandfire, and begot  
A Father to me: and thou hast created

A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)  
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:

And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend  
On Greatnesse, Favour; Dreame as I have done,  
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerue:

Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,  
And yet are sleep'd in Favours; so am I

That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:  
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,

Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment:  
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects  
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,  
As good, as promise.

*Reades.*

When as a Lyons whilpe, shall to himselfe unknown, with-  
out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender  
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lapt branches,  
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioyned to  
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his  
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-  
tie.

'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stufte as Madmen  
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,  
Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such.  
As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is,  
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe  
If but for sympathy.

*Enter Gaoler.*

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for  
that, you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I proue a good repast to the Spectators, the  
dish payes the shot.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort  
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more  
Tauerne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as  
the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of  
meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: forre that  
you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed  
too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Brain the  
heauier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being  
drawne of heauinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall  
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes  
vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and  
Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the dis-  
charge: your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so  
the Acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepe, feels not the Tooth-  
Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a  
Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change  
places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not  
which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not  
seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by  
some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your  
selfe that which I am sure you do not know: for Iump the  
after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall  
speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'll neuer returne  
to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to  
direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and  
will not vse them.

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold  
haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindnesse: I  
am sure hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to  
the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee  
made free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts  
for

for the dead.

Gao. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & be-  
get yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prouide: yet on my  
Conscience, there are verier Knaues desir'd to liue, for all  
he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye  
against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would  
we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there  
were desolation of Gaolers and Gallowes: I speake, a-  
gainst my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment  
in't. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arvi-  
ragus, Pisano, and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made  
Preseruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,  
That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,  
Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose paked brest  
Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can finde him; if  
Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I neuer saw  
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;

Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought  
But beggery, and poore looks.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & liuing;  
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am  
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde  
To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)

By whom I grant she liues. 'Tis now the time  
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,  
In Cambria we were borne, and Gentlemen:  
Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,  
Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:  
Arise my Knights o'th Battell, I create you  
Companions to our person, and will fit you  
With Dignities becomming your estates.

*Enter Cornelius and Ladies.*

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly  
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,  
And not o'th Court of Britaine.

Corn. Haile great King,  
To sowre your happinesse, I must report  
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worse then a Physician  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Corn. With horror, madly dying, like her life,  
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded  
Most cruell to her selfe. What the confest,  
I will report, so please you. These her Women  
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes  
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee say.

Corn. First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely  
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:  
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;  
And but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to loue  
With such integrity, she did confesse  
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life  
(But that her flight preuented it) she had  
Tane off by poyson.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!  
Who's it can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had  
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,  
Should by the minute feede on life, and lingring,  
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
Orecome you with her shew; and in time  
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke  
Her Sonne into th' adoption of the Crowne:  
But sayling of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despite  
Of Heauen and Men) her purposes: repented  
The euils she hatch'd, were not effected: so  
Dispayning, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, so please your Highnesse.

Cym. Mine eyes  
Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:  
Mine eares that heare her flattery, not my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming. It had bene vicious  
To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)  
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,  
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners,  
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou comm'st not Caius now for Tribute, that  
The Britainer haue rac'd out, though with the losse  
Of many a hold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite  
That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter  
Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted,  
So thinke of your estate.

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day  
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,  
We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend  
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods  
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues  
May be call'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth,  
A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:  
Augustus liues to thinke on't: and so much  
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely  
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)  
Let him be ransom'd: Neuer Master had  
A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,  
So tender ouer his occasions, true,  
So feate, so Nurse-like: let his vertue ioyne  
With my request, which Ile make bold, your Highnesse  
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,  
Though he haue seru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)  
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I haue surely seene him:  
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,  
Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,  
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,  
To say, hue boy: ne're thanke thy Master, liue;  
And aske of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty, and thy fate, Ile giue it:

Yes,